

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

 Tuesday June 20th. 1710.

I N my Last I gave you some of my most phlegmatick Thoughts, about the Success of the present *Mad Party*, that Raves and Rages among the — I would not have any Body think, that I despair of a good Cause, because I see the Enemy *breaking in like a Flood*. No, no — There is a Spirit according to the Scripture, that shall *lift up a Standard against them*, and they shall not be able to stand, when Truth assisted by National Justice, comes to shew it self.

But notwithstanding this Assurance, I am still confident, such are the strong Delusions we are now given up to, that they will draw Abundance of People into their Snare, and deceive us to our Wounding very far; But that this Wound go as little away into the Nations Body as possible, and especially that it may not touch our Vitals, for this Reason it is that I write.

It is but a little more than twenty
Year

Year since these Exploded Doctrines of *Non-Resistance* and *Passive-Obedience* were Hand in hand with *Popery*, and *Tyranny* Hiss'd off the Stage: They had bid fair for destroying all our Native Rights, overturning National Privileges, and giving up all our Liberties, to the absolute Dominion of a Popish and Arbitrary Prince; they had prepared us to receive all the subtle Impressions of an insinuating Notion, that our Duty to GOD, made our absolute Submission to the Lust of a Tyrant, our Duty to Man; hence proceeded the madest, and blindest Submission to a Popish Prince, that ever a free Nation yielded to, and all sorts of Tyranny began to be introduced among us, the setting up Idolatry in our Streets the dispensing with our Laws, the giving Indulgence by a Declaration, the imprisoning our Bishops; the seizing the Charters of our Corporations, Rights of the Universities, and setting up a *High Commission* to do the like of our *Parochial Establishments*, were all plain Instances of the thing, and whither we were all going, was not hid from the Eyes of all the Men of Understanding in *Britain*.

How we Escap'd these Dangers, how we Called in a Foreign Prince, and took up Arms against our own; how we resist'd his encroaching Tyranny, how we push'd him off from the Throne, and gave his Dominions to another; how we resist'd all his Attempts to stay here, and all his Attempts to return, these things are fresh in the Memory of every Man, that was then of Age to retain them.

And can it be possible we should retreat to this Blindness now! That Resistance must be cry'd down, and the Revolution thereby prov'd a horrid Rebellion against GOD, and his Vicegerent the King! Monstrous Delusion! What, must we not resist Tyrants? not resist those that would Rob us of our Rights and Liberties, which are

our Inherent Birth Rights and which our Governors swear at their Coronations to maintain! This is such a ridiculous thing, especially to us, in such Language to Talk to a Nation of Freemen, as *Britains* have ever been, that it is a wonder to me to see our People bear it.

But *so it is*, that they not only bear it, at this Time, but fall in with it, court, compliment, and embrace those that openly offer to put the Chain about their Necks; and like a People given up, and abandoned of their Senses, give up themselves to be rode upon by their Enemies and enslav'd by these very People, they had toss'd so lately out of the Saddle, for driving too fast when they were in it.

What is the Meaning of carrying a Criminal round the Nation in Triumph? and with Acclamations; who has declared himself of the party of Men, that would bring in, and restore the abdicated Race of *King James*; and who has been known at the same Time that he prays for *James* with his Lips, to Drink on his Knees the Health of *her Invader*, and own the Right of the Pretender; — Do the People know this? do they know this is the Man? That has Damn'd that Revolution, that has curs'd *King William*, that has Odiously express'd his Abhorrence of the House of *Hannover*; and that has openly declared himself for the Pretender. — do the poor honest ignorant and abused People know that this is the Man? That while he has most impudently call'd GOD to Witness of the Contrary, flattered the Queen, and Hasanag'd the Parliament, into a Belief of his Zeal for the Revolution, has yet discovered himself in such a gross manner on this and other Occasions.

Is it possible? If this was not an Age of Delusions, if we were not given up to believe Lies, would it be possible

able such deep Villainies such
gross Absurdities, such horrid
Contradictions as these could go
down with us?

And this is the Reason why
I take upon me to foretell, that
this Hurry cannot hold; *we dis-
paradize*, let us have Cou-
rage, Delusions, and imposed
Fictions may hang about our
Eyes like a Mist upon a Moun-
tain, and we may be Blind for
a time, but Truth was born with
the Light, and will shine out
in it's Turn; Error and For-
gety is a Mushroom, and born
of Yesterday; but Truth is the
Daughter of Nature, Ancient as
the World is, and equal in Dura-
tion; it is handed on by *flow*,
but by *sure* Steps; and Time (it's
never failing Friend) always
brings it along with him, —
It cannot be, that these furious
Excursions, these Lunaries of the
Nation, can be of any long
Continuance, — the Eyes of
Mankind will, and must be o-
pened, and all this false Cove-
ring will be taken away, and
then the Nakedness of the Cause
will of Course appear: There-
fore let us have Patience, it can-
not be long.

To tell Britain of the Return
of Arbitrary Power, the same
that for twenty eight Years

ravag'd these two (then di-
vided) parts of the Island; To
tell us that we can be brought
to submit to the days of 84. and
on to 88, That Scotland can be
brought to the days of Blood
again she once went through; and
England to see her Patriots Mur-
dered by Forms of Law, that
we can submit to the Boot, and
the Thumbkins, to the Fines,
and the Plunderings, to the
Robbery, and Murder, we have
felt from this very Doctrine,
and this very Party; — this
must be to tell us we have lost
our Senses, that we (*as Rochester*
said) are past Sense of Grief, and
without Sense of Pain, in a Word
that we are grown stupid, and
dozed, that we are overrun
with vapours, and fallen into
Fits and that being deprived of
our Understanding, we are fit to
be formed into what Shape, or
what species of Creatures they
please, whether of Head with-
out Tail, or Tail without a
Head, just as may suit the Oc-
casion.

That these monstrous Things
may not come to pass, or this
Nation be overwhelmed by these
rising Mists to the Ruine of her
polkick Senses, and particular-
ly her Eye light, is the Reason,
the End, and the single De-
sign of Writing this Paper.

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